

the fiery exit towards reality

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the fiery exit towards reality

by [petersparadise](#)

Summary

Peter Nureyev is man who knows himself better than anyone else, but then again, does he? Sure, he might tell himself he's informed well, but has it been all a lie since the beginning?

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

It had been 25 years since the events of so long ago had taken place. Somehow, in what some would say a surprise, the family hadn't grown. No one had let their soul guide them to the ship, nor were any more children born in this timeframe. The family, however, did lose one of their own only a few years ago. He grew tired of the way things were, and, only a few hours after turning 18, he left the ship, and never returned. No one knew what became of the child they watched grow up.

Peter feared the worst for his son, but Kia felt was the opposite. She knew he made the right choice to leave. Things weren't getting better at the time. The family, or at the time, acquaintances, seemed to know only two things. Anger and discomfort. Kia also knew that Salem wasn't going to give up this easily. Leave the only family he's ever known and cause himself to lose the fight? Not Salem. He was smarter than that.

Kia, however, hoped for change. That's why she decided to stay. In her mind, she knew that things were never meant to be this way. If something were to happen, then maybe it would cause the crime family to make a change for the better.

Salem abandoning them did just that.

Once they knew he wasn't coming back, they all agreed to change. Even Peter, surprisingly. Sure, he stopped having children a long time ago, but his demeanor had changed as well. One of the biggest things that changed was his relationship to Juno. He decided that staying with Juno would be for the better, knowing just how much he had done for him, Juno shared similar feelings as well. A lot of things changed.

All that was needed now was time to heal.

Time to heal the parts that were still possible to be put back together.

The seven of them sat at the dining room table. Eating the dinner that Buddy had prepared for them. They were all older now, of course. Most provided grey hair to the watchful eye. Others didn't. They held hope that they wouldn't have any for a quite while. They sat around the table and talked in a calmly fashion. Something that took a while to perfect again, but it was worth it.

"So," Peter began, " what are the plans for tomorrow?"

Buddy smiled as she sat her half-empty cup of wine on the table. "We will be arriving to the planet Kishmar. A man by the name of Avan will be waiting for us right as we land. He will be giving us some valuable items in exchange for creds. I suggest that we all take part in this mission. It would surely benefit all of us, darlings."

Jet sat his fork down and crossed his arms. "Everything is in order, correct?"

"Indeed." Vespa chimed in.

Kia turned her gaze towards, who was wiping her mouth with her napkin. "Are there any dangers detected to be on our path towards Kishmar?"

"None," Buddy responded, "we should arrive safely."

The bad thing was that this wasn't true. The ship failed to detect the current nuclear warfare between two parallel planets that resided on their path. Atomic bombs and other monstrosities were being fired from one planet, traveling through space, and arriving at the other, destroying anything that was around it. It was too late to change course. The only hope was that they had ceased fighting while the ship was moving through that area.

Rita held a big smile across her face. "Will we be able to explore the planet?" She spoke with as much excitement as she could.

Buddy drank the last of her wine. "Sorry, darling, I'm afraid we do not have any spare time to become tourists."

A small 'aw' exited Rita's mouth.

Juno picked up one of the bread rolls from the basket and tore it in half. "What kind of stuff will Avan be trading us?"

"The basics," Buddy began, "gold, jewelery, gemstones, and quite possibly some artifacts that might make us a ton of money."

A sudden ding coming from another room echoed through the air, which caused Kia to stand from her seat. "I'll be right back, the files must have finished downloading to the hard drive. Let me go check." She left the table and made her way to another room nearby, in which a desk resided with a modern day laptop and a flash drive. As she was beginning to log into her computer, she noticed a huge ball of light heading towards her gigantic window from the outside. She tried to examine it the best she could.

Then the big ball of destructive mass hit her.

It crashed into the window with full force. As it hit, it turned her body into a skeleton full of fire, the only things that remained were her heart, eyes, and a few other pieces, for they were made of metal and were slowly melting.

"KIA!" Peter called out, but it was no use since she was already dead.

Jet turned to the others and ordered them to run as fast as they could to the garage. They would board Ruby and get the hell out of there. Peter didn't want to at first, still having the thought of Kia being alive, but his legs decided on choosing the choice of survival.

Peter ran as fast as he could, ducking and dodging things as he kept his eyes on the others in front of him. The bad thing was that he not once watched where his legs were going. Jumping and skipping over things almost non-existent due to the smoke entering every nook and cranny of the remaining ship. He didn't realize what hit him until he tripped and hit his head.

Then Peter Nureyev woke up.

Peter Ransom shot straight up from where he was laying. He was in the all too familiar medical bay on the ship. How the hell did he get here? He looked around and saw the rest of the members of the crime family he came to know so well in all different places of the bay. They all turned their head towards him, and each of their eyes were full of surprise.

Ransom batted his tired eyes twice. "Where am I? How did I get here?"

Rita walked over to him and patted his shoulder. "Mr. Ransom," she began, "you hit your noggin pretty hard! You've been in here for two weeks."

Peter was now feeling a combination of surprise, confusion, and tiredness. "I've been in a coma for two weeks?"

Juno rested his hand in Peter's and brought it up towards his face. "Yeah, but I'm glad you're awake now. You had me all worried."

Rita turned her body towards Vespa. "How's he doing, doc?"

Vespa was checking the last of data before she looked at Ransom. "He seems to be in good health. Just, don't hit yourself on your head this hard again, or you may never wake up."

Peter nodded in agreement. "Dually noted." He turned his head and saw two bottles, which appeared to be medicine, sitting on the counter close by. "What are those?" He pointed to them.

Vespa's followed the path in which his finger led, and she went over and picked them up. "Oh, these? This is just Kiadrin and Salimodroxyl. Two drugs I used on you while you were out due to your coma. They're two of the drugs that kept you alive." She handed the bottles, which had the lids on both of them sealed shut, to him.

Peter looked at the names on the bottles. Salimodroxyl and Kiadrin. Salem and Kia. He turned his focus back upwards towards Vespa. "Excuse me, Vespa, what are the side effects to

these two drugs here?"

"Well," Vespa began. "they kind of take your emotions, put them in a blender, and blend them all together. Mild sweating, some possible light stomach pain, and with Salimodroxyl there is the possibility that it will increase you libido, but I don't think you need to worry about that since it's usually uncommon in most people who use it."

Peter Ransom looked at the end of his bed and thought about everything that happened while he was under. "Oh."

Vespa sat her clipboard on the small table next to the area side of the side of the bed where Ransom was. "They're not dangerous drugs. Salimodroxyl does its job and goes away on its own, but with Kiadrin you have to use heat, like your body heat and maybe a little more if needed, so that it won't lose control and cause more harm than good.

Peter handed the bottles back to Vespa, and she placed them back where they belonged.

At this point, the whole crew were surrounding the area of the bed where his was. Rita, who was slightly standing on her tippy toes, continued to have a big smile on her face. "So, Mr. Ransom, were your dreams exciting?"

Ransom turned his head towards Rita. "All I am going to tell you was that they were crazy! Deal?"

"Deal. I watched this documentary once about comas and-"

"Rita." Juno spoke out as Jet lifted her up to get closer to Peter. "I don't think he wants to hear your commentary on a documentary right now."

Rita nodded her head in agreement. 'You're right Mr. Steel.'

Jet patted Ransom's back. "Welcome back, fighter!"

Peter smiled, small teardrops forming in his eyes. This was the family he knew. The family he was meant to be with. "I'm glad to be back."

The crew came together for a group hug. No matter what happened, they would always be a family.

A family that never backed down from a fight.

End Notes

Hello lovelies! Thank you for joining me on this weekend getaway! I am all better now, but I'm afraid our journey must come to an end! Maybe one day I will be back, but as far as things go, we may never know! Anyway, love you all! XOXO

- Peter Nureyev

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